A delicate nevv Song,

Entituled, Sweet-heart, I loue thee. To the tune of, See the building.

Sweet-heart I loue thee
And deeme no Lasse aboue thee
in all this City:
Sweet-heart I woo thee,
And vow Ile neuer doe thee
any harme for pity:
Sweet-heart tell me thy fathers name,
and where he liueth,
and what he giueth
With you his Daughter,
who is so faire a Dame:
For it was to seeke a wife
that I to London came.

God sir forgoe me,
My friends will not bestow me
vpon a Clowne.
I scorne to haue one,
Vnlesse he be a braue one,
who liues in Towne:
Ile haue one that comes from Court,
that sweares and swaggers,
vntill he staggers,
That spends his meanes
and is not sory for't,
Oh such a lusty Lad
will shew a Lasse good sport.

Sweet-heart be milder,
I neere imbrac'd a wilder,
in all my life.
Sweet-heart content thee,
Thou shalt no whit repent thee,
to be my wife:

I haue fiue pounds a yeere,
a brace of Oxlings,
and sumptuous buildings
For thee and I to sit
and make good cheere,
If thou wilt be my Honey,
my Doue, my Ducke, my Deere.

A por take your riches,
It seemes by your great breeches,
from Court you came not:
I scorne such Asses,
Doe court your Countrey Lasses,
for yours I am not:
Farewell my Coridon, farewell,
for I see now, man,
thou art some Plowman,
Thy very lookes the same to me do tell,
Goe kisse thy bouncing Kate,
and clip thy bonny Nell.

My suite is ended,
And I no whit offended
at thy disdaine,
Ile beware me,
How euer I ensnare me
with such againe:
Farewell, then, I scorne thy disdaine,
away be trudging:
and feare no grudging:
For Ile goe woo
some more honest and plaine:
For I respect true loue,
and prize it aboue all gaine.

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The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.

CIty Dames, attend ye,
With counſell Ile befriend ye,
if you'l be ruled:
For now I finde it,
Though once I did not mind it,
more was the pitty:
A Country-man excels a Courtier,
though not for bravery,
nor yet for knavery,
But if ha'l have thee,
doe him not deny,
For any ſmooth-tongu'd
Courtiers flattery.

I once was woed,
And well beloved
of a Countrey-man:
But I refuſ'd him,
Nay more with words abuſ'd him,
thus coy Dames can
With flouting words ſquib the ſimple,
that come to woo them,
with love to prove them,
Yet thoſe Dames will ſhow them
to be ſo nice and coy,
And count their loves
but as an idle toy.

A Merchants Daughter,
Her mind ſtill runneth after
ſome Squire or Knight:
Shee'l have a Courtier,
for to ſupport her,
'tis a goodly ſight,
To ſee a man that ſtruts in the faſhion,
augments loves fire,
And ſtill deſire
to have a neate ſpruce Lad,
To ſtrut before them,
as he were Antick mad.

So they have a Gallant,
they ne'r reſpect their talent,
nor ſtand for money:
If he be a fine one,
Yea or a witty-tongu'd one,
he ſhall be their Honey:
Proud City Dames are growne ſo dainty,
my ſelfe doe know it,
of late did ſhow it,
But now beſhrow it,
that ere I ſeem'd ſo coy
To that honeſt Countrey man,
that once held me his toy.

Thus ſhe lamented,
Her mind was diſcontented,
and deepely vext:
Her loves exiled,
The Gallant her beguiled,
which her perplext
With teares ſhe then did waile her
and then repent,
ſhe ne'r lamented,
But diſcontented
that man with proud diſdaine,
And ſighing wiſht
ſhe might his love obtaine.

FINIS.

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